AN

ODE

TO THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

Res duræ, & Regni novitas, me talia cogunt
Moliri---------- VIRGIL.

LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, at No. 1, in Ludgate-Street; JOHNSON and PAYNE, in Pater-noſter-Row; and G. WOODFALL, at Charing-Croſs.

M.DCC.LXIX.

AN

ODE, &c.

Suis & ipſa Roma viribus ruit.

HORACE.

YE GUARDIAN POWERS! who us'd to ſmile,
Propitious on this favour'd Iſle,
Oh, whither are ye fled!
GENIUS OF ENGLAND! wake, and ſee
The foes of LIBERTY and thee,
With Diſcord at their head.

II.

What boots BRITANNIA's olive wreath,
If TYRANNY the ſword unſheath,
With ſanguinary hand?
Better to meet the rival foe,
And bear diſgrace and overthrow,
Than ſtain the guilty land.

III.

'Gainſt Gallia fraught with hoſtile rage,
Let England's free-born ſons engage,
Tho' thouſands ſtrew the field:
Not in domeſtic fury ſpend
Their gen'rous ſtrength, to wound a friend,
Unknowing each to yield.

IV.

While ore this iſle, with out-ſtretch'd wings,
The Muſe, exulting while ſhe ſings,
Purſues her rapid way;
What glorious proſpects round her riſe?
What ſcenes Elyſian meet her eyes?
What objects gild the day?

V.

Rich thro' the vale, in golden ſtore,
Her yellow grain doth Ceres pour,
While Plenty fills her horn.
Yon brown-wood nods with England's pride,
The rev'rend oaks——the flocks beſide,
The riſing hills adorn.

VI.

Upon our ſhore ſee COMMERCE ſtand,
And, ſtretching forth her lib'ral hand,
To England's lap convey,
The various tributes of the world,
Round which ſhe late her terrors hurl'd,
While Conqueſt led the way.

VII.

In goodly train, the ARTS advance,
While SCIENCE leads the feſtive dance;
Her olive PEACE diſplays:
Scarce ſtands unrivall'd Græcian fame,
Scarce honor'd is the Roman name;
Unenvy'd is their praiſe.

VIII.

On the firm rock of LIBERTY,
Methinks I ENGLAND'S GENIUS ſee;
She graſps a ſacred roll:
While Truth's eternal rays ſerene,
Full on the inſcribed title beam,
Of, ENGLAND'S LAWS THE SOUL.

IX.

What patriot ardor fires my breaſt!
See MAGNA CHARTA ſtands confeſt,
The bulwark of our laws:
JUSTICE! with ſword avengeful, keep
The ſacred truſt---nor HONOR ſleep,
'Tis your's and FREEDOM's cauſe.

X.

What, what avails the golden ſtore
Of Ceres,---what the bounteous lore
That Plenty's ſelf can ſhed;
What the rich tribute of the fields,
What all the bleſſings Nature yields,
If FREEDOM droop the head?

XI.

In vain around, from ſkies ſerene,
Th' enliv'ning ſun ſhall dart his beam,
And Heaven's own bounty flow;
If civil Diſcord rear its head,
Or curſt Oppreſſion round it ſpread,
The worſt of plagues below.

XII.

COMMERCE in vain, on proſp'rous tide,
In full-fraught veſſels hither glide,
And make the world our own;
If at the ſacred helm of ſtate,
No patriot PALINURUS wait,
Or Mercy quit the THRONE.

XIII.

Let SCIENCE pour her various ſtream,
'Tis all an idle, frantic ſcheme,
When VIRTUE is no more:
Periſh the Muſes, when their lays,
Corrupt by proſtituted praiſe,
Diſgrace their heav'n-born lore.

XIV.

Th' hiſtoric Muſe, whoſe faithful page,
Records the acts of ev'ry age,
Shall drop her idle pen;
Rather than Virtue's blazon ſhed,
Or creſt with honor Vice's head;
Or praiſe the worſt of men.

XV.

Say! what avail the wiſeſt laws,
If baſe Evaſion draw the cauſe,
Or plead the culprit's part;
If paſſive Juſtice ſheath the ſword,
Or draw it at a Tyrant's word,
To wound the patriot heart?

XVI.

In ſuch a ſtate, when ranc'rous ſpite,
Converts to wrong, the ſacred right
Of this our favour'd land;
It matters not to whom conſign'd,
Of law, the ſacred ſcale we find,
MANSFIELD's or CAMDEN's hand.

XVII.

Or, when in war's tumultuous rage,
The thick embattl'd hoſts engage,
To winds diſmiſſing fear;
Whether the phalanx firm, be led
With laurell'd GRANBY at their head,
Or S---k--lle in the rear.

XVIII

Whether a CHATHAM guide the ſtate,
Or GRAFTON on our Counſels wait,
And give his ſage advice.---
Law is diſtinction---break the ſcale,
Wit, Wiſdom, Juſtice, nought avail;
Nay, Virtue looks like Vice.

XIX.

Was it for this, in gen'rous tide
Of purple glory, heroes dy'd,
And ſeal'd with blood the laws?
See ALFREDS, EDWARDS, HENRIES riſe,
And thwart the gloom, with ſtern-ſet eyes,
And rouſe Us in the Cauſe.

XX.

Was it for this, the deep diſgrace
Of England, in the Stuart race,
A CROMWELL wip'd away?
For this unbound the iron chain
Of Tyranny, and gave again
Fair FREEDOM to the day?

XXI.

For this did NASSAU wear the crown,
To trample law and freedom down;
To rule with iron rod?
For this, did our elective grace
To empire raiſe the BRUNSWICK race,
To govern with a nod?

XXII.

No:---by the laws, and laws alone,
The people's ſafety and his own,
Great BRUNSWICK can ſecure:
On this broad baſis, build thy fame,
Exalted GEORGE!---and raiſe a name
That ever ſhall endure.

XXIII.

What ere his name---may curſes wait,
Upon that miſcreant tool of ſtate,
Who taints the Royal ear,
With baſe ſurmiſe---and fills his breaſt,
With rancours, that OUR *peace* moleſt,
And line *his* CROWN with care.

'Gainſt

XXIV.

'Gainſt ſuch invaders of our laws,
Juſtice her ſword indignant draws,
To guard her ſacred claims:
Freedom aloft her banner waves;
" *My Sons, die rather than be ſlaves,*"
She awfully proclaims.

XXV.

The Muſe, in rapture hurry'd on,
Sees thouſands to the ſtandard throng;
But lo! a choſen band,
Faſt by the Goddeſs firmly take
Their glorious ſtand---each for her ſake,
Extends his patriot hand.

XXVI.

Nor mean ſubmiſſion---nor the eaſe,
Of theſe debas'd, inglorious days,
Subdues their free-born ſouls:
No terror of a Tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſacred impulſe down;
No fear their breaſts controuls.

XXVII.

Stand firm by Me, fair Freedom cries;
Lo! ENGLAND'S GENIUS, from the ſkies
Bends down, in awful ſtate:
See crowns immortal deck her throne,
Theſe crowns immortal, are your own,
And on your conqueſts wait.

XXVIII.

Die rather in the glorious cauſe,
Than ere reſign your ſacred laws:
Behold a BRUNSWICK reign!
If dire Oppreſſion rear its head,
Your power ſhall ſtrike the Hydra dead,
And FREEDOM live again.

FINIS.

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